



Miss Anne W. Weston,
Weymouth,
Mass.



Roxbury, Sept. 22, 1874.

My Dear Friend:

Fanny having gone to spend the day at Cambridgeport, she requested me to answer your kind letter, and to say that we shall be happy to visit you all on Thursday, leaving Boston for Weymouth in the train specified by you. Miss McLaren will not be able to accompany us, as she is now at Niagara Falls, on her way to Quebec, from which place she will embark for Liverpool or Glasgow, having received intelligence from home which made it necessary for her to shorten her stay here. Your courteous invitation to her gave her much gratification, and she very much regretted that she should be deprived of the pleasure of seeing you dear home circle.

You have doubtless been apprised of the death of our old and esteemed anti-slavery coadjutor, David Lee Child, at Wayland, on Friday morning last, at the ~~octogenarian~~ age of eighty years. I have received no intelligence of the event from Mrs. Child, but I learn from her niece (Mrs. Parsons) that he had shown signs of failing health for some time past; though only a few days before his departure, he had so far rallied as to be able to drive to Waltham, and perform a few errands, without any apparent fatigue. His faculties were clear and strong to the last. The funeral took place on Sunday, the services being conducted by Rev. Mr. Sears. I endeavored in vain to find out seasonably when these rites were to be performed, as I desired to be present, and to pay my tribute to the character and services of this stalwart champion of the cause of

the enslaved - services rendered from the commencement of the struggle, and at a period when most pressingly needed. Though he had no aptitude in the business world, he had a fertile and rigorous brain, a mind stored with varied knowledge, and a heart that abhorred all cant and duplicity, and overflowed with generous emotions. I shall ever honor and cherish his memory.

Mr. Phillips informs us that Ann has been seriously ill with fever for several weeks past, and is not yet convalescent. The nearer our years are shortened, the more we are made to realize "what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue."

The safe arrival of Mr. Dickey must be very gratifying to you all.

Your attached friend,
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Miss Anne W. Weston.

Two for you -